THE
New Year's Gift:
OR,
ADVICE to a NEPHEW
ABOUT HIS
Choice in MARRIAGE.

Containing the following Heads.

I. A Prefatory Epiſtle to the Reader and Bookſeller; in which the Author gives ſome Account of himſelf, his Nephew Mr. *William Tully*, and Mrs. *Margaret Jewel*, a young Lady of *Brumpton*, whom the Nephew is inclined, thro' the Uncle's Advice, to marry, which occaſion'd the Writing and Publiſhing the following Pieces in Proſe and Verſe.

II. The Character of a Good Miſtreſs of a Family, from the Proverbs of *Solomon*, with the Commendation thereof by the Authors of the *Guardian*.

III. The ſame Character made into a Song, which was faſhionable in the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*, and ſung by the Maids of Honour; but not publiſhed by the Writer till the Year 1612.

VI. The ſame done in modern *Engliſh* Verſe. By Mr. *Horace Tully*, of *Gray's Inn*, for the Uſe of his Nephew.

Laſtly, *Margaret* and *William*: Or, The Choice; being a Meditation on Marriage. A Ballad. By Mr. *William Tully*.

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TO
Mrs JERNEGAN.

MADAM,

IF you will pleaſe to accept of the following Lines, under that perhaps too rough Form and Range of Words, in which I, who am but a Poet by accident, have placed them, and ventur'd to call them Verſes, you will ſoon find you are made ample Amends for my Expreſſions (however lowly, unpoetical or unmuſical they may ſeem) by the Thoughts they will certainly convey to you, which are perfectly ſolid and ſignificant, truly noble and ſublime. They are the Sentiments of a much wiſer Man than either Homer or Virgil, they are the Sentiments of Solomon. If then the outward Dreſs or Garb be but homely and indifferent, it covers as princely a Soul, and as majeſtick a Mind as ever inform'd a human Body, excepting (what this Chriſtmas time makes an Exception ſeaſonably to be named with ſome of the Words of faithful Reverence due to it) when the Son of the King of Kings, humbling himſelf to ſave the Sons of Men, graciouſly brought down the Majeſty of Heaven to Earth, and dwelt among us in the Fleſh. Allowing therefore my own Defects of Language, I can ſtill, for its excellent Senſe, juſtly

preſer this Piece with all the Diſadvantages I may have given it above the modern Compoſitions either in Verſe or Proſe, put out by ſuch Solomons, *as our preſent Age can pretend to produce, which are generally, at the beſt, chiming Trifles, great Words, big Sounds, that are brought to meet together perhaps with pretty much Muſick, but with very little or no Meaning.*

Let this ſmall Tract be conſider'd in a right View, and then, tho' it is a ſmall Tract, it is no ſmall Preſent; and it is yours, Madam, becauſe you greatly well deſerve it, by recommending in your conſtant and daily Practice, this fine Character of a good Wife and Miſtreſs, better than any mere Dreſs of Words can do it; becauſe Words, that contain never ſuch good Precepts, cannot be ſaid to live, till they break forth, thro' the Virtue of ſome approving Reader of them, into Action, and ſhine out profitably in the gloſſy and tempting Fruit of an exemplary Practice.

To be a Pattern of Virtues of this ſort, that are ſo very rare, is to have a truly extraordinary Merit, that rather attracts the Thanks and benevolous Wiſhes of good People, as its more ſubſtantial and ſolid Effects, than empty Compliments, and airy Praiſes. I do therefore heartily wiſh you, for the Sake of the Example you have given, the beſt Wiſh which I can wiſh you in this World, and that is, the Continuance of the Life, Health and good Fortune of your Huſband, to make you happy as you make him ſo. This Language to married People is not very faſhionable, (and yet would be reckon'd ſo to Lovers) *but the beſt Wiſh I could form for the Publick Good, would be, in the next place, to wiſh you were capable of making*

this

this a Faſhion, for the Benefit of all the married and marriageable People in our Kingdom. What Profit might not ariſe from the married World's duly attending to a few eminent Examples of true conjugal Affection in the Perſons both of Men and Women acting in all Degrees of Life, as you and your Husband do in yours, eſpecially ſhould they be as long-liv'd (and I wiſh you two may be ſo) as thoſe who ſet the very Example you follow before your Eyes, I mean your Father and Mother, Sir Francis *and the Lady* Jernegan, *who have been conſpicuouſly giving Proofs of the excellent Precepts contained in the Piece I ſpeak of, for very near ſixty Years together in a married State of Life, which is near upon the whole length of Time uſually allotted for the compleat Life of Man.*

As I hinted, theſe Precepts are for Wives of every Station; from her that is married to the Man of Traffick, the Gentleman, and the Nobleman, to her that is the crown'd Conſort of a ſcepter'd Husband, who is the Father of a whole People. And to encourage the reducing theſe Rules to practiſe, you will approve extremely a few Examples that I ſhall bring.

At the Head of Mercantile Life, I may take leave to place Mrs. Parſons, *and ſafely ſay, She deſerves to have as fine a Character for being a good Wife and a good Miſtreſs of a Family, as that Character was truly fine of a good Lord Mayor, which has been lately with Juſtice attributed to that univerſally belov'd Magiſtrate her Husband.*

Among

Among Perſons of great Quality, I could ſet forth ſeveral bright Patterns, all charming to behold; but ſhall name only one, that I know muſt be particularly pleaſing to you, who think yourſelf highly honoured as well as happy in her Acquaintance, the Counteſs of Eglintowne, *who is a Perſon form'd lovely with all the* outward Graces *that can be well deſired or imagin'd, but is render'd by a* Divine Interiour GRACE, *that accompanies all ſhe ſays, thinks or does, ſtill more amiable in all the Lights of a Wife, a Mother, a Miſtreſs of a Family; and puts me particularly in mind of ſome Lines in this little Poem.*

Many fair Beauties have theſe Eyes beheld,
Whoſe inward Charms their outward Charms excell'd:
Tho' fair (ſaid he) tho' moſt divinely fair,
Still, how improv'd their Forms by Virtue were!
Yet thoſe ſo good, ſurpaſſing good, I ſee
In Charms and Goodneſs are ſurpaſs'd by thee.

Among the ſublimeſt Sort of all, among the very higheſt Claſs of Women upon Earth, I can produce Examples of ſuch Wives, with Crowns upon their Heads, and Sceptres in their Hands, as will fully prove, what Glory the Obſervation of theſe Precepts can add to the moſt glorious. Such have we ſeen in a Czarina *of the Emperor of* Muſcovy, *celebrated by a Pen that leaves no room for mine, beyond barely hinting of the Name: Such too are the Queens of two vaſt and mighty Kingdoms now in Alliance with us,*

us, the Queen of Spain, *who is the admired Diſcourſe of* Europe, *and the Queen of* France, *who received, about the Time of her Nuptials, what ſhe ever ſince practiſed, ſuch Inſtructions from her Great Father King* Staniſlaus, *as for Wiſdom and Virtue ſtand next in Place to thoſe, that are delivered by an inſpired King, by our King* Solomon——*I could perhaps proceed with a ſtill more darling Panegyrick of one Royal and Imperial Beauty, that is a Glory to marry'd Life, and is every where thought, as well as in our Nation, to adorn a Diadem of our own; but I dare not——I only preſume to bow towards the Paper; when I write that, I think of her only with a reverential Silence——There are Light'nings here ſufficient to blaſt the learnedeſt Brow that aſpires ſo high, unleſs it be ſurrounded and defended with ſacred Laurels, ſuch as that Poet deſerves and ever will wear, who has arm'd me with the following Excuſe for ſo much as hinting, tho' deſiſting from ſo needleſs and ſo ambitious an Attempt.*

Shall my own Sovereign's Praiſe inrich my Lines?
No——with *known* Force *domeſtic* Glory ſhines;
Falſhood were *baſe*—and *needleſs* the Deſign,
To ſay to Angels—*Heav'n is all divine.*

Mr. *Hill's* Northern Star.

I have ſaid enough to you, and of you, and of all Ladies in all Stations, that are excellent Wives, to ſhew the World, that theſe eminent Precepts of Solomon *are not without the moſt eminent, tho' few, living Examples, to encourage the Exerciſe of them*

in

in all others. I now leave ſuch Readers of them, as already are, or ſhall be Wives, to conſider them throughly, and weigh them well, boldly taking Leave to aſſure them all, without Diſtinction, that thoſe will remain little and miſerable, upon the Compariſon, who do not embrace them, and thoſe will in due Proportion grow great and happy that ſhall imitate them to the Life, and Copy them truly well in their Behaviour. Here I conclude with adding, only that I am,

MADAM,

Your Obliged and moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

Prefatory

Prefatory Letter

TO THE

BOOKSELLER

AND THE

READER.

SIR,

HAving frequently of late ſeen you in your Shop, under the Gate of *Gray's-Inn*, leading to *Holbourn*; in which honourable and ancient Houſe I liv'd formerly many Years; in the Days of that honeſt Predeceſſor of yours, in the ſame Station, Old *Sayer*: I make you a Preſent of the little Fragments or Pieces of Poetry, which accompany this Letter; and I do deſign thereby to pay a Compliment to you, partly on the Account of the good and honeſt Character you bear, and partly to teſtify my Love and Affection towards the very Place itſelf,

 that

that ancient agreeable Society of Gentlemen, learned in the Laws; where I ſpent the middle of my Days, not without Succeſs; ſometimes in the Hurry of other People's Affairs, who committed the Protection of their juſt Rights and Properties to my Care: And ſometimes in the ſevere Studies of Law and Buſineſs, in order to fit my ſelf the better for the more happily carrying on all ſuch Undertakings. Theſe are the Reaſons that influence me to prefer you to the Choice of Printing theſe little Things of mine before any other Bookſeller. If my Offer, whatever Uſe you make of it, cannot prove much to your Profit: It is, however, you muſt own, ſomething to your Credit.

In caſe you publiſh them, it may be thought neceſſary, perhaps, that I ſhould *explain myſelf to the Town* (as a celebrated Author has more than once hinted on the like Occaſion) and make them underſtand, why, I, who am a Lawyer by Profeſſion, attempt to entertain them thus in the Shape of Poetry.

To own the Truth then; in my younger Days, both at the Univerſity, and for ſome few Years, after I had left it, in *London*, I was naturally much addicted to the Muſes; and being pretty converſant with the then new Breed of Poets, who have moſt of them ſince made an elegant and happy Figure in the World, and are gone off before me from Life's publick Stage, with the Applauſe and Approbation, due to thoſe who act their ſeveral Parts well: I was myſelf, among all theſe, counted

counted to have a tolerable Taſte of the Claſſicks, and a Genius well enough turn'd to Poetry. But whatſoever little acquir'd Knowledge or natural Talents, I was, indulgently and favourably, by ſuch friendly, tho' good Judges, ſuppos'd to have in *their own way*; I happily directed to the harſher Studies of the Law. I was reſolute enough to mortify my ſelf a little in the Beginning for ſo good an End. I muſt confeſs, I with ſome Reluctancy broke, by dint of Judgment, the Fetters of a ſtrong inchanted Imagination, left the amiable Society of agreeable Wits for the noiſy buſtling Company of brawling and brangling Clients; abandon'd as polite Aſſemblies, as any that adorn a Court, to be ſlavingly punctual to a Minute, at the dry and mirth-ſtarv'd Meetings that are obſerv'd at and about our Inns of Court; and quitted my Title to a Seat in the Boxes of either Theatre, to put in a Claim, and lay a better Title to the Character I more valued, of a Proficient, either at the Bar, or elſe, what I ſtill valued more, at the Desk in my own Apartments, as a Chamber-Council, which laſt was luckily my Lot; and ſucceeded to my Wiſh, and the whole Tide of my Buſineſs took a right Turn; and, indeed eaſily enough for me, into that Channel.

I thus ſpent the middle of my Days in Buſineſs, till I had (what the World calls) *done my Buſineſs*, after a good middling manner, ſatisfactory enough to my own Deſires: And I then retired to a little commodious Spot of Ground, ſo

far the ſweeter to me, becauſe the quiet Poſſeſſion of it is the Purchaſe of my own paſt Labours; and it is really, as I think, very prettily placed in a pleaſant Village, near *Sturbridge*; and has its Situation by the Stream of the *Sture*; where, to ſooth Solitude ſometimes, I have made Verſes, which were the Diverſions of my Youth, the Amuſements of my old Age, being now in my ſixty-firſt Year.

I have a Nephew, who being deſirous to pleaſe me in the Choice he makes in Marriage, has ſolicited me frequently to adviſe him on that Head. I directed him to viſit one Mrs. *Jewel*, a Deſcendant of the Biſhop of that Name, and that has as many Virtues as he could ever deſire a Deſcendant of his ſhould have: I told him I would have *him make her the Pattern* to chooſe by, but as for the *Perſon* I left him to chooſe for himſelf.

This young Lady, Mrs. *Margaret Jewel*, lives at *Brumpton*, and is univerſally known by the Name of the PRETTY-HOUSEWIFE; a Name which I am an Eye-witneſs ſhe very well deſerves (and as the Knowledge of her Merits may prove beneficial to the Publick, ſo perhaps it may hereafter be made Publick) a Name for which I ſet a greater Value on her, than on two other rival Ladies, fair Inhabitants of the ſame Place; that are, it muſt be confeſs'd, fine Perſons, and, as I may ſay, moſt agreeable Pictures to be look'd at, and are call'd by their rival Friends and Lovers, for the Sake of Diſtinction (by two Words differing only in ſound, but the ſame in Signification) the one of them the *Belle*, and the other the *Beauty* of *Brumpton*.

Looking

Looking upon my ſelf as a kind of GUARDIAN to this young promiſing Spark, Mr. *William Tully*, my Kinſman; I am frequently turning over the Volumes, conſiſting of the Papers, which came out weekly ſome Years ago, under *that Title*; and I find there, in the *Guardian*, Number 168, a fine Deſcription of the Miſtreſs of a Family; with reviſing of which, as I was highly delighted my ſelf, tho' I had often read it before, ſo I hope the Repetition of it here will be not at all unpleaſing to any judicious Reader, that has already met with it in thoſe celebrated Works. This amiable Character of a good Miſtreſs, a good Mother, a good Wife, a good Friend, in fine of an univerſally good Woman, is a noble Picture, well painted from an original Draught of her in the Proverbs of *Solomon*; and is the firſt thing I have ſet down in this ſmall Collection, to prepare the Reader in favour of the ſame Matter put into a different, that is, a Poetical Dreſs; which I was prevail'd upon and inclin'd to give it; being ſtrongly influenc'd by the following remarkable Words, in Commendation of the ſeveral Beauties of this Compoſition, in that Letter made to introduce it to the World, and ſuppoſed to be written to the *Author* of the *Guardian* by *himſelf*, where he ſays *he wonders it is not put in Golden Characters in the Hall of every Country Gentleman.*

As ſoon as I thought of putting it into Verſe, looking for an old Book that I have in my Library, that comments on the Proverbs of *Solomon*, and was, among others, left me in a Legacy by

by an old Aunt (who, give me leave to tell you, by the bye, was reckon'd in the laſt Age, a moſt notable Houſewife, and a Woman eminent for Piety and Prudence, and venerated for her Sanctity of Manners) I was very much pleaſed to find in this Treatiſe, that, a little above *half a Century* before I was born, a Reverend and Learned Divine had taken the pious Pains to verſify (as he is pleaſed to call it) this very Piece, I had juſt pitch'd upon, for the Uſe of the young Ladies of thoſe Times, to ſing at their leiſure Hours, which is the ſecond Piece ſet down (as a Poetical *Antique* and Curioſity) in this little Collection, with the Names of the Author and Printers, and the Year when it was printed, or (as is there ſaid) *imprinted.* I was ſtill more agreeably ſurprized when I found, in the Margin of the Book, where this Sage's Song was, the following Note or remark, under my old Aunt's own Hand, *viz.* " I re-
" member moſt of the Maidens of good Rank,
" when I was young, that were reckon'd of this
" wiſer ſort, and were notable Houſewives, made
" this their favourite Song; and it had become
" univerſally faſhionable, if it had not been for
" remarkable Miſs *Hoydens*, that were unman-
" nerly loud in laughing out of Countenance;
" and in the Courſe of my Life and Obſervation af-
" terwards, it was odd and pleaſant enough to
" remark that the Singers of it, whom I knew,
" all and every one of them to a *ſingle* Woman,
" were match'd afterwards to goodly young Men,
" made all very good Wives, and were generally
" happy

" happy in their Husbands: Whereas the others,
" that had in the *Heyday of their Blood* ridicul'd
" it as a dull and formal Ditty, met with a quite
" contrary Lot in the Matrimonial State, and ei-
" ther became bad Wives and Plagues them-
" ſelves to their Husbands, or elſe had taken
" Husbands that prov'd Plagues to themſelves,
" and for the moſt part of them, both liv'd and
" dy'd very wretchedly, tho' naturally of gay
" Tempers, of large Eſtates, and high Qualities."
This Remark that my old Aunt has made, is certainly as great a Commendation of a Song, as ever I remember to have read; and being undoubtedly as much as the Subject it ſelf could bear; and yet too within the ſtrict Rules of Probability, it inclin'd me ſtill more to try, what I could make of the ſame Matter in a more modern Dreſs.

But, as I know the *Taſte* of moſt of our *modern* Ladies is much more *polite* than to make *merry* with ſuch *ſober* Matter; as I know them to be ſo *particularly well-bred*, as that they even *ſcorn* to make any thing *good* and *pious* the *common* Subject of their *gay* Converſe and *bright* Recreations: Nay, as I furthermore know full well, that they have ſo much *undoubted Reverence* (beyond theſe our Anceſtors belike) for ſuch *Sage* Subjects as to think them too good almoſt and pious, when ready written to their Hands, to be ſo much as ever look'd at by them, unleſs it be at a very particular grave Hour indeed (not to ſay in a Fit, as they rightly term it, of Religious Melan-

Melancholy.) As I know they would even be very *piouſly* apt to *laugh* that Perſon to *Shame* that ſhould pretend, at this Time of Day, to ſing a *Song* of *that Nature* and Turn in the Hours of their *Gaiety*; I have done it not like the good old Gentleman, the Divine, in the Air and Form of a Song; but in the more grave, ſerious and ſolemn kind of Meaſure, which we generally uſe in Heroicks: And this I have done on purpoſe to avoid the *modiſh*, genteel *Raillery*, and the *wiſe* and *honeſt* Ridicule, that might have been thought *proper*, by ſuch *fair* and *excellent* Judges, to be put upon it; if I had written it like a Song to a new Tune, tho' equal to the beſt in an Opera. But if I had adapted it to any of Dr. *Blow*'s or Mr. *Purcel*'s Church-muſick, the Ridicule would have been ſtill worſe, and the Laugh with greater Juſtice been louder; for how could *ſuch* a Song *ſung* to *ſuch* Muſick, be imagin'd a *becoming* and *taking* Entertainment, among *modern fine* Ladies that had met to be *merry*, tho' the Proverb is ſtill to be *Merry and Wiſe*; and the *gayeſt* and *wiſeſt* of our Anceſtors ſung *Carols* very *divinely*, and yet very *chearfully*? I hope therefore the Expedient I have now taken will be allow'd of, and that I ſhall neither expoſe the Sentiments of *Solomon*, nor my own Words and Expreſſions, nor the Voice of any fair Reader, that I may have, of theſe Lines in publick Company, to the *juſt* Scorn or Deriſion of Perſons *well-born*, and ſo much *better bred* than *other* Perſons of the *like Rank* and *Dignity* ever were

were in *any Age* before the *eighteen hundredth*. This little Poem, if I may have leave to call it ſo, I compoſed in the manner you ſee it, laſt *Sturbridge* Fair, which is kept near the Village where (as I think I told you before) I live, but you muſt forgive ſome Repetitions, Tautologies, and long-winded Details to all Men, but particularly Lawyers, that are arriv'd to old Age, which is allow'd, as its Property, to be *Narrative*.

My Nephew, who had juſt been viſiting ſome of his Friends and School-fellows at *Cambridge*, coming to ſtay with me during the Time of our Fair, I one Evening took an Opportunity of preſenting him a Copy of this Compoſition, that my Name is prefix'd to, being expreſsly written for his Uſe, as a *proper Fairing* for a Scholar in *his Circumſtances*, who was buſily ſeeking after a *Wife*.

After he had read it over, I was extreamly delighted with my Nephew *Will*'s telling me the welcome Tidings, that as he was infinitely taken both with the Character it ſelf, and with my manner of expreſſing it; ſo he was happy in entertaining a firm Belief, a certain young Lady, whom he aſſured me he had now fix'd his Affections upon, would imitate that Pattern *to the Life*, during *her own Life*; and he therefore hoped too, it would be during *his own Life*, if he could obtain her, for that, in *ſuch Caſe*, he could have no *other melancholy* Thought but that *one* of his ſurviving her.

But it is really inexpreſſible what true Joy and Comfort the docile and prudent young Man gave me his old Uncle, when he proceeded ſtill further to

ſelicitate me with the Information and Knowledge that *this* Lady proved to be *my* very individual Mrs. *Margaret Jewel* herſelf, to whom he ſaid he had made ſome Addreſſes at *Brumpton*, not without promiſing Hopes of a proſperous Event.

The next Morning he came up to *breakfaſt* with me, by my ſpecial Invitation, in my own Appartment, a particular Favour even to my Nephew, it having been always my Cuſtom to have *that* a ſolitary Meal to my ſelf, tho' I love the *other two* crowded with Company; and at his going down Stairs, he in return, left with me as a *Fairing*, the Ballad of *Margaret* and *William*, which Love had inſpired him to compoſe, and which concludes this little Collection. I ſhall ſay nothing concerning the Genius and Spirit ſhewn by my Kinſman in this Performance, but leave that wholly to the Judgment of others. I ſhall only obſerve, that I ſuppoſed with Joy that he himſelf deſired with great Gladneſs of Heart, to be rightly underſtood the *William* of the Piece, and that he would be tranſported to ſee what (I myſelf not a little deſire and covet to ſee) prudent and pretty Mrs. *Jewel* perſonate the *Margaret*, according to the *full Purpoſe* and *Deſign* of the *Meditation* on *Marriage* laid by my *Nephew* in *her* Way; and that *ſhe* will *prove*, that the *wiſeſt* young Woman, who *deliberates* whether ſhe ſhould *conſent* to the *honourable* Addreſſes of an agreeable *deſerving* young Man, will *certainly conſent* in the end to deliver her Perſon and her Charms into the Arms that are worthy, as well as open, to receive her,

in

in order, mutually, to bleſs, and to be bleſs'd both here and hereafter.

Now I have laid before you the whole Cauſe of publiſhing theſe four little Performances, both the *two* of *elder* and the *two* of *latter Date*, and told you frankly the real Occaſion that gave entirely Birth to the two *new* ones. If theſe be liked, they may probably produce freſh ones, in natural Conſequence of each other, which made me dwell the longer upon a Subject, that concerns in its Extent no leſs than the Happineſs of the whole Race of Mankind, I therefore deſcended into more Particulars of my Account concerning them, than might otherwiſe have been neceſſary.

To conclude, Mr. Bookſeller, what paſs'd thus between my Nephew and my ſelf, as *Fairings*, I have ſent you, that you may bind, if you pleaſe, theſe little Flowers (as I may take leave to call them) in Poetry, grown up and gather'd in the *Gardens* of *Love* and *Friendſhip*, into one *Noſeget*; and may ſhortly give them as a very proper *New-year's Gift* to Ladies that are already Miſtreſſes of Families; to prudent Maidens (ſuch as we Lawyers give the homeſpun, but honeſt, honourable, and indeed beſt Name of *Spinſters* to) that have a mind to become *ſuch Miſtreſſes*; and to all *wiſe Batchelors*, that would fain make a *right* Choice of *thoſe Maidens*, who are moſt like to become *ſuch*, whenever they become *Wives*. Then, for ought I know, I may with Modeſty enough affirm, if theſe Lines raiſe Curioſity enough to get Readers firſt, and next the common Atten-

tion of curious Readers; they may not only be more entertaining, but much more uſeful than ſome Proſe Treatiſes on Marriages, lately ſaid to be put out by young Lawyers (pretending to be of our ancient Inn) to amuſe both Sexes with ſtrange uncomfortable Speculations; and I muſt add too, with an obvious ill Deſign, to prevent People from reaſonably entering into that happy State; which is certainly a wrong Subject for any body, ſo avowedly averſe to it, to treat upon at all. For, beyond all Controverſy, as the World now ſtands, with regard to the State of Matrimony, the *beſt*, and yet the *leaſt*, that *thoſe* can do, who don't much care to *meddle* with it *themſelves*, is to *leave* it juſt as they *found* it to *other* People, who either have, would, or may enter into innocent *Bonds*, whoſe vow'd Obligation, if rightly obſerv'd, ſecures to each the mutual Intereſt and Felicity of each, both here and hereafter: And ſo I conclude, Mr. *Bookſeller*, wiſhing you, my good Readers, my Nephew, my pretty, and I wiſh I could now ſay, my Niece, Mrs. *Jewel*, and conſequently my ſelf, many happy New Years.

Your very humble Servant,

HORACE TULLY.

THE CHARACTER OF A MISTRESS of a Family.

By the Author of the GUARDIAN.

Letter to the GUARDIAN.

N°. 168. *Wednesday September* 23.

SIR,

I Obſerve that many of your late Papers have repreſented to us the Characters of accompliſh'd Women; but among all of them I do not find a Quotation which I expected to have ſeen in your Works: I mean the Character of a Miſtreſs of a Family, as it is drawn out at length in the Book of *Proverbs*. For my part, conſidering it only as a human Compoſition, I do not think, that there is any Character in *Theophraſtus*, which has ſo many beautiful Particulars in it, and which is drawn with ſuch an Elegance of Thought and Phraſe. I wonder that it is not written in LETTERS OF GOLD in the great Hall of every Country Gentleman.

Who

Who can find a virtuous Woman? For her Price is far above Rubies.

The Heart of her Husband doth ſafely truſt in her, ſo that he ſhall have no need of Spoil.

She will do him Good, and not Evil, all the Days of her Life.

She ſeeketh Wool and Flax, and worketh willingly with her Hands.

She is like the Merchant's Ships, ſhe bringeth her Food from afar.

She riſeth alſo while it is yet Night, and giveth Meat to her Houſhold, and a Portion to her Maidens.

She conſidereth a Field, and buyeth it; with the Fruit of her Hands ſhe planted a Vineyard.

She girdeth her Loins with Strength, and ſtrengtheneth her Arms.

She layeth her Hands to the Spindle, and her Hands hold the Diſtaff.

She ſtretcheth out her Hand to the Poor; yea, ſhe reacheth forth her Hands to the Needy.

She is not afraid of the Snow for her Houſhold; for all her Houſhold are cloathed with Scarlet.

She maketh herſelf Coverings of Tapeſtry, her Cloathing is Silk and Purple.

Her Husband is known in the Gates, when he ſitteth among the Elders of the Land.

She maketh fine Linen, and ſelleth it, and delivereth Girdles unto the Merchant.

Strength and Honour are her Cloathing, and ſhe ſhall rejoice in Time to come.

She openeth her Mouth with Wiſdom, and in her Tongue is the Law of Kindneſs.

She looketh well to the Ways of her Houſhold, and eateth not the Bread of Idleneſs.

Her Children ariſe up, and call her bleſſed; her Husband alſo, and he praiſeth her.

Many Daughters have done virtuouſly, but thou excelleſt them all.

Favour is deceitful, and Beauty is vain; but a Woman that feareth the Lord, ſhe ſhall be praiſed.

Give her of the Fruit of her Hands, and let her own Works praiſe her in the Gates.

Your humble Servant.

The

The Diligent and Industrious

Governess of a Family

Done into ancient Engliſh *Metre, by the Reverend Dr.* Robert Allen.

THE whole Deſcription of this virtuous Woman, a right godly and honourable Governeſs of a Family, is ſo excellent, that the Delight of it cauſed me to uſe as much Diligence as I could to turn it into *Engliſh* Verſe ſometime heretofore: The which, gentle Reader (in Hope of your good Leave and Liking) I now do make publick, with a Mind deſirous to draw as many good Women as it may to take the greater Delight both in the holy Deſcription itſelf, and alſo in the Practice of it, to their own ſingular Praiſe and Commendation, both in the Sight of God, and alſo of all the good and godly Men, and to the good Example of all other Women: And that they might now and then for their private ſpiritual Solace and Inſtruction, ſing it by themſelves (if they ſhall think ſo good, and God move their Hearts thereunto) while they are godlily and commendably exerciſed in the houſewifely Duties of their Callings.

This Deſcription is that which Queen *Bathſheba* (taught by the Holy Spirit of God) did teach and commend to her Son King *Solomon:* She deſcribing therein ſuch a godly and virtuous Woman

Woman, as might for her Virtue, be fit to be the Wife even of him that is of moſt honourable and noble Degree. And let it be well noted, that it appeareth to be well-pleaſing to God, that this Prophecy and Inſtruction of the virtuous Queen, to the moſt noble King her deareſt Son, ſhould be of very ſpecial and familiar Note among his People: By the manner of ſetting it down in the holy Language Alphabet-wiſe, after the familiar and well known Order of the Letters to every Child among them.

It is verſify'd as followeth.

If any finde, of Womankinde,
One that in Grace abounds:
Then doth her Price in Value riſe,
Above all precious Stones.

Her Husband's Heart doth never ſtart,
But truſtes in her alwaies
She doth him Good, without all Mood,
And helps him all her Daies.

Fine Wooll ſhe ſeekes, and Flaxe ſhe gets,
Her Hands worke with good Will:
The Merchants Trade, is not to wade,
For Gaine, beyond her Skill.

While Night is darke, yet doth ſhe marke
When Time doth move to riſe:

Her Servants aske, ſhe gives their Taske,
And Food, this is her Guiſe.

A Field to uſe, her Heart doth muſe,
So lay'th ſhe out her Gaine:
A Vine ſhe plants, to help her Wants,
And Houſhold to maintaine.

She girds her Loins, her Might ſhe joins,
And ſtrength'neth both her Armes.
The Fruit is ſweet as ſhe thinks meete,
So Work by Night ſhe frames.

The turning Spindle her Fingers handle,
So drawes ſhe out her Threed:
Her Hand is preſt, to helpe the leaſt
Of ſuch as ſtand in need.

She doth not feare, through needleſs Care,
For want of worldly Pelfe:
For all her Houſe, weare Cloth of Choice,
And ſhe hath Silkes herſelfe.

The Man of whom, is great Renowne,
Is of her Houſe the Band:
Who ſits in Gate, and there doth treate,
With Elders of the Land.

Cloth wrought is well, which ſhe doth ſell,
She maketh great Exchange:
So Merchant thrives, where he arrives,
In Countries that be ſtrange.

Thus

Thus getting Strength, ſhe is at length,
About with Honour deckt:
She truſts in God, her Heart is glad,
She doubts in no reſpect.

Her modeſt Speech, doth wiſely teach,
What ſeemeth well her Place:
For in her Breaſt, doth alwaies reſt,
The Law of godly Grace.

Within her Roofe, ſhe taketh Proofe,
What Trade of Life is led:
Her Heart is loth, through evil Sloth,
To eat of idle Bread.

Her Children now, beholding how,
In Honour ſhe doth grow:
Are mov'd to bleſſe, and eke expreſſe
Great Duties which they owe.

Her Husband eke, doth likewiſe ſeeke,
To yeeld her worthy Praiſe:
And as in Minde, his Thoughts him bind,
So with his Mouth he ſaies;

Of Womankinde, though Man could finde,
A Number that doe well;
Yet thou art ſhee, whom I do ſee,
All other to excell.

For Favour great, tho' Beauty get,
Yet Time doth weare it out:

Then it decaies; but Virtue's Praiſe,
God makes take deeper Roote.

His Grace doth ſure, beſt Praiſe procure,
God therefore gives in Charge:
That ſuch have Praiſe, whoſe godly Waies
He crownes with Mercies large.

A Petition annexed.

Now Lord our God, in whoſe good Word
Ourſelves we do Repoſe:
Grant Men and Wives, throughout their Lives,
Their Waies thus to diſpoſe.

So wilt thou bleſſe, and eke encreaſe
Our Basket and our Store;
Yea afterward, of free Reward,
Wilt bleſſe us evermore. *Amen.*

July 20. 1612.

Yours in the Lord both loving and dutiful,

ROBERT ALLEN.

At *London.* Imprinted by *William Hall* and *John Beale*, for *William Welbie.* 1612.

The

The ſame in modern Engliſh.

THE

Character of a MISTRESS of a Family.

By Mr. HORATIO TULLY, late of *Gray's-Inn.*

TRY, look, ſeek, find, 'mong the fair female Race,
A Bride abounding rich—in Giſts of Grace.
Seek, and ſeek leſs of Gems the ſparkling Store,
Much is their Price, but her's immenſly more.
Safe reſts a Husband's Heart from all Surprize
In that dear Woman's Breaſt, whoſe Ways are wiſe.
Kind each new Day, like his new wedded Wife,
His Good ſhe labours to the laſt of Life;
His Profit, Pleaſure, ſtudies Day and Night,
Her Heart's whole Buſineſs and her Soul's Delight.
Fine fleecy Wooll and faireſt Flax ſhe'll find,
And prove Work's Pleaſure to a willing Mind:
Like Merchant-Ships, ſteer'd by ſome proſp'rous Star,
Diſtant ſhe deals and Food ſhe brings from far,
True, as true Clocks, all Night, Time's 'count ſhe keeps,
And leaps to Labour while the Sluggard ſleeps,
Schemes for each Servant's Task allotted lays,
With Labour plies them, but with Plenty pays.
Rich Fields ſhe makes the Purchaſe of her Gain,
Glitt'ring with ſilv'ry Flocks or golden Grain;

Where

Where gladder Sun's ſweet Pleaſure take to ſhine,
With purple Radiance o'er her planted Vine.
See, while diſplay'd the Diſtaff ſhe commands,
And draws the whiteſt Thread with whiter Hands,
While the ſwift ductile Twine, ſwift Fingers curl,
The Lines all lengthen and the Spindles twirl;
The ſinging Miſtreſs ſhews each ſinging Maid
The chearful Science of the Spinſter's Trade.
Thus, round her Houſe, while well-earn'd Plenty reigns,
The Poor, that taſte her Bounty, bleſs her Gains.
Bleſſing and bleſt ſhe Lives with all at Eaſe,
Pleas'd with their Labour — lab'ring all to pleaſe:
Her Houſe is little Heav'n — no carking Care,
No Fears of worldly Want can harbour there.
Of choiceſt Stuffs each Handmaid has her Gown,
Their own the Wool, and Workmanſhip their own.
Warm clad in Winter do they ſeem to glow,
And in proud Scarlet wrapt deſpiſe the Snow.
Decent, o'er all in Dreſs, deſerv'dly fine,
She in rich purple Silks is ſeen to ſhine;
While Gold and painted Labours of the Loom,
Adorn her Bed and deck each ſtately Room.
The Man's with Glory crown'd, that is her Spouſe,
Honour'd his Name, and Credit fills his Houſe:
Proud Magiſtrates are pleas'd to crowd his Door,
Yet muſt make room for the more welcome Poor.
In the fine Linens which her Hands have made,
Provinces round are proud to be array'd;

So

So large the Profit of the Toil ſhe takes,
Merchants grow rich that ſell the Goods ſhe makes.
She's lov'd, ſhe's courted, high in Honour held,
Admir'd by num'rous Friends, by none excell'd:
To Hearts like her's, no Fears ill Fate can bode,
That Truſt (where Truſts grow Certainties) in God.
Her Lips can't open, but with Magic Speech,
Soft Muſick charms the Mind ſhe's ſure to teach;
Grace thro' her Heart ſtreams like Life-blood along,
Whoſe divine Spirit mounts, and moves her Tongue,
Which muſt that Charity, 'tis mov'd by, move,
For all its Language is the Law of Love.
As ſhe minds all, ſo none, that mind to pleaſe,
Muſt think to eat the Bread of ſlothful Eaſe.
Her well-bred Children with a goodly Grace,
Mark her bright Eye, and watch her beauteous Face;
There read her Thoughts, and bleſs fair Nature's Book,
Where her Soul ſparkles thro' her ſpeaking Look.
How muſt thoſe Charms, that thus move Children, move
The growing Fondneſs of a Husband's Love?
He in his Soul, where Her's all Souls excels,
Thinks her divine, and what he thinks, he tells.

Many

Many fair Beauties have theſe Eyes beheld,
Whoſe inward Charms their outward Charms excell'd:
Tho' fair (ſaid he) tho' moſt divinely fair,
Still, how improv'd their Forms by Virtues were!
Yet thoſe ſo good, ſurpaſſing good, I ſee
In Charms and Goodneſs are ſurpaſs'd by thee.
Favour and Fortune, Love to Change and Lye,
And Beauty fades on the familiar Eye:
But Virtue grounded on God's filial Fear,
Keeps Joy's eternal Sabboath all the Year;
How bleſt, beyond all Language, muſt I be
Who pleaſe and praiſe, my God, in praiſing thee!
Here I muſt end——by owning there's no End
Of praiſing what all always muſt commend;
Beſt your Reward, your own beſt Acts can raiſe,
Which, ever riſing new, reſound new Praiſe.

Margaret

Margaret and *William:*

OR,

The CHOICE.

BEING

A Meditation on MARRIAGE.

A BALLAD.

Written by Mr. WILLIAM TULLY.

I.

FAIR *Margaret*, prudent, temperate, juſt,
Sate by a ſilv'ry Stream,
With pleaſing painful Thoughts diſcuſs'd
Each Female's favourite Theme,

II.

That Theme was, what a Sort of Man
Would ſuit ſuch Sort of Maid
To chuſe, when ſhe to chuſe began
A Mate for Virtue's Aid.

III.

Wide looking thro' the World, ſhe ſaw
Beſt Men betray'd by Love;
A Sage how frolick Girls could draw;
Wits how fair Nonſenſe move.

IV.

How Men, like *Ariſtides*, juſt
To ſlye Coquets made Court,
Claſp'd a frail Frame of painted Duſt,
And dy'd a Harlot's Sport.

V.

How temp'rate Youths were (fatal Knot!)
Fair Wantons fond to wed;
Wild Eyes and Wine-fluſh'd Cheeks forgot,
Struck blind with White and Red.

VI.

So, to the beſt of Women's Shares
The worſt of Men do fall,
And Love, that ſhould ſupport, by Snares
Does either Sex enthral.

VII.

Soſt ſigh'd ſhe here, and bluſhing ſaid,
" 'Tis Heav'n, your ſacred Truth,
" It ought to ſhame no modeſt Maid
" To like a modeſt Youth.

" Then

VIII.

" Then *Temperance*, *Juſtice*, *Prudence*, guide
" Me, by your golden Rule;
" Since ſcorn'd, wrong'd, curs'd, all Girls liv'd, dy'd,
" That took Rake, Rogue, or Fool.

IX.

" Firſt, *Prudence*, by the Rule you give,
" Nor Man nor Maiden may,
" Too much alone, or ſingle live,
" For fear ev'n Thought ſhould ſtray.

X.

" And, *Temp'rance*, you, in pureſt Breaſts,
" Permit Love's Pulſe to beat,
" Where no wrong Thought the Mind moleſts,
" 'Tis Heav'n-join'd Friendſhip's Heat.

XI.

" 'Tis *juſt* Men's Virtues to approve,
" To Love, nay wiſh to Gain,
" As *juſt*, that Heav'n, who made us Love,
" Should make us Lov'd again.

XII.

" Then hard! O Heav'n, 'tis wond'rous hard!
" Your Laws, or Love's, are wrong:
" If Virtue be its own Reward,
" To us good Men belong.

XIII.

" Change this——not for myſelf I pray,
" But for my Sex's good;
" Not yet I Love,——but, oh! all may——
" You made us Fleſh and Blood."

XIV.

Cupid ſtands laughing by the while,
And whets a *tripple* Dart,
Empoiſon'd *thrice*,——then ſays with Smile,
Let's try,——*thrice* virtuous Heart!

XV.

She trembling fears a fatal Wound
As, when he ſhoots, all muſt;
For many a virtuous Fair has found
Her Honour laid in Duſt.

XVI.

But, FORTITUDE, that, from on high,
Heard, pleas'd, her pow'rful Pray'r,
Shot ſwift as Sun-beams from the Sky,
And brighten'd more the Air.

XVII.

Round *Margaret* ſuch a Luſtre caſt,
Struck *Cupid* truly blind,
He more than wink'd,—his Aim was paſt—
No Mark his Darts can find.

Could

XVIII.

Could he aim Darts, with Courage deckt,
Thoſe Darts ſhe'd now repel,
Bright Reaſon's Beams her Will protect,
And Paſſion's Clouds diſpel.

XIX.

She vow'd, before the wealthieſt Man,
If vicious or unwiſe,
She'd wed a poor, if virtuous Swain,
As Love's more noble Prize.

XX.

William, who liſt'ning, long, had ſtood
On t'other ſide the Stream,
Soft wooing, croſs the murm'ring Flood,
Surpriz'd the wond'ring Dame.

XXI.

So ſtrong a Woman who can find,
Do ſacred Writings ſay,
Should, all his days thereafter, bind
Himſelf to bleſs that Day.

XXII.

Her Price, o'er bluſhing Rubies, is
Fair Pearl and countleſs Gold;
So rich the Treaſure, dear the Bliſs,
It can't by Words be told.

XXIII.

The Woman, that's ſo fine a Prize,
From furtheſt Nations ought,
By Men, that would be Husbands wiſe,
With chearful Care be ſought.

XXIV.

Then bleſſed be this Spot of Ground,
Where firſt I ſaw thine Eyes,
Thy Voice heard firſt, thy Virtues found,
To me 'tis Paradiſe.

XXV.

Let not the Diamonds of the *Eaſt*
E'er bribe thy brighter Eye,
Nor Gold of *India*'s guilty *Weſt*
Thy nobler Virtue buy.

XXVI.

No other way let Man e'er prove,
Thy virtuous Mind to gain,
But Love, the only Price of Love,
Love thou the loving Swain.

XXVII.

The Sun goes down, will ſoon deſcend,
Soon we I fear muſt part,
Yet may this Speech, my Lips muſt end,
Sink deep in either Heart.

O *Mar-*

XXVIII.

O *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, *William* ſaid;
Thou art, indeed, thou art,
Thou art that very Sort of Maid
That ſuits poor *William*'s Heart.

XXIX.

Then think, O *Marg'ret*, try to chuſe
(If chuſe one poor you can)
Poor *William* for your faithful Spouſe,
Or ſuch a ſort of Man.

XXX.

Thou goeſt!——mild Evening doeſt adorn,
Like him that ſets i'th' Main,
To Morrow bluſhing like his Morn,
I pray thee meet again.

XXXI.

If you not meet; leſt *William* die,
Moſt juſtly may you fear,
One *Marg'ret* died for *Will.*——muſt I
Now die for you, my Dear?

XXXII.

She tow'rds the Weſt, he tow'rds the Eaſt,
(Both ſigh'd, he bid adieu)
To meditate what they thought beſt,
To Bed with *Sol* withdrew.

F I N I S.

W.H.M.
HARDING